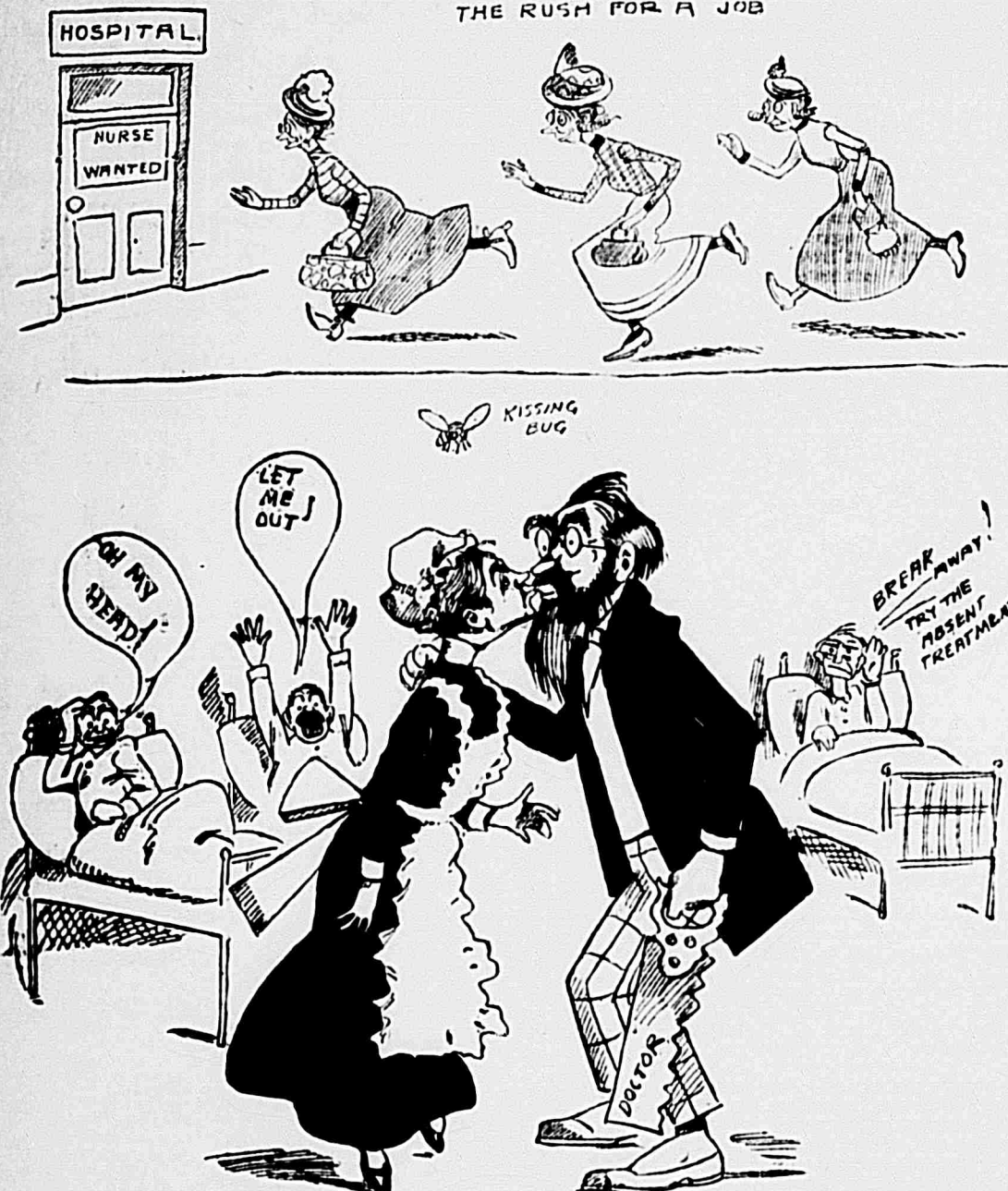


THE KISSING TREATMENT.

By FERDINAND G. LONG.



Medical science at Bellevue made vast strides in the use of club and fist on recalcitrant patients, but perfection was only attained when a Brooklyn hospital became the scene of unofficial kissing treatment. A doctor and a nurse were the subjects. The above cartoon shows the treatment's soothing effect on the patients.

WHY THE PICTURE OF A "POPULAR IDOL" WAS KICKED UNDER A TABLE.

Last year and in the three preceding years Mr. Bryan was "the idol of the Democratic masses." Wherever he went vast crowds assembled and shouted and tossed their hats. Women pressed about him in droves to touch his hand, his garments. Babies were named for him by the score.

And now a convention of Democrats, well representing the Democratic masses of Ohio, and therefore of the country at large, hisses his name, scoffs at his ideas and—kicks his picture under a table.

An illustration of "the fickleness of the crowd?" Another proof of the "fleeing character of the affections of the masses?" Not at all. An illustration of the common sense of the masses—of their refusal to be fooled all the time.

A few years ago, thanks to the teachings of the politicians of both parties, the masses of our Western fellow-countrymen, regardless of party, believed in free silver. Mr. Bryan was the embodiment of that idea. He became a popular idol.

But while he was making his 1896 campaign the weather and the soil proceeded to demonstrate that what the country needed was not rotten money but good crops. The cool heads understood the point, and Mr. Bryan was beaten.

The weather and the soil kept on with their object lesson in the stupidity of free silver, and the masses kept on learning. But Mr. Bryan did not learn. While the masses were going forward he was going backward. And at last, when practically every one in the country with eyes to see and ears to hear had "caught on," Mr. Bryan's fanaticism had reached the hysterical stage. He had become a "crank."

Perhaps it was a little harsh to kick his picture under the table. But it must be remembered that Mr. Bryan is a very noisy, most exasperating man, and that he has done his party and a score of good causes incalculable harm, and that he stands ready to do more mischief, if he is able.

That kick may be called rudeness under extreme provocation.

OUR TWO CHIEF OFFENDERS.

There are two corporations in this city that seem determined to goad the people to taking severe measures. They are—

The New York Central Railroad Company.

The Metropolitan Street Railway Company.

The New York Central has at its mercy several hundred thousand people who have to use the tunnel and as many more who live within ear and nose distance of its switching yards just above the Grand Central Station.

From plain parsimony, from plain greed for dividends, this corporation tortures these hundreds of thousands of people every day in the warm weather, inflicts upon them the gravest discomforts every day in the cool and cold weather.

The Metropolitan, operating under franchises which were stolen from the people, taking from the people its enormous earnings on an overcapitalization of several hundred per cent., has at its mercy the travelling public of New York City.

Instead of providing enough cars to carry the people in other than rush hours, this company packs the people in as few cars as possible. The fewer the cars, the less the operating expenses. The less the expenses, the larger the extortionate dividends.

The Metropolitan does not do one single, solitary act to convenience the public.

It treats the public as an ignorant and cold-blooded master treats his draught-horse.

The man who could bring these corporations to their senses is Richard Croker. But of course Croker's orders to his Van Wyck are to let them alone.

The only appeal at present is to W. K. Vanderbilt and William C. Whitney. What is the matter with Mr. Vanderbilt's Mr. Newman? What is the matter with Mr. Whitney's Mr. Vreeland?

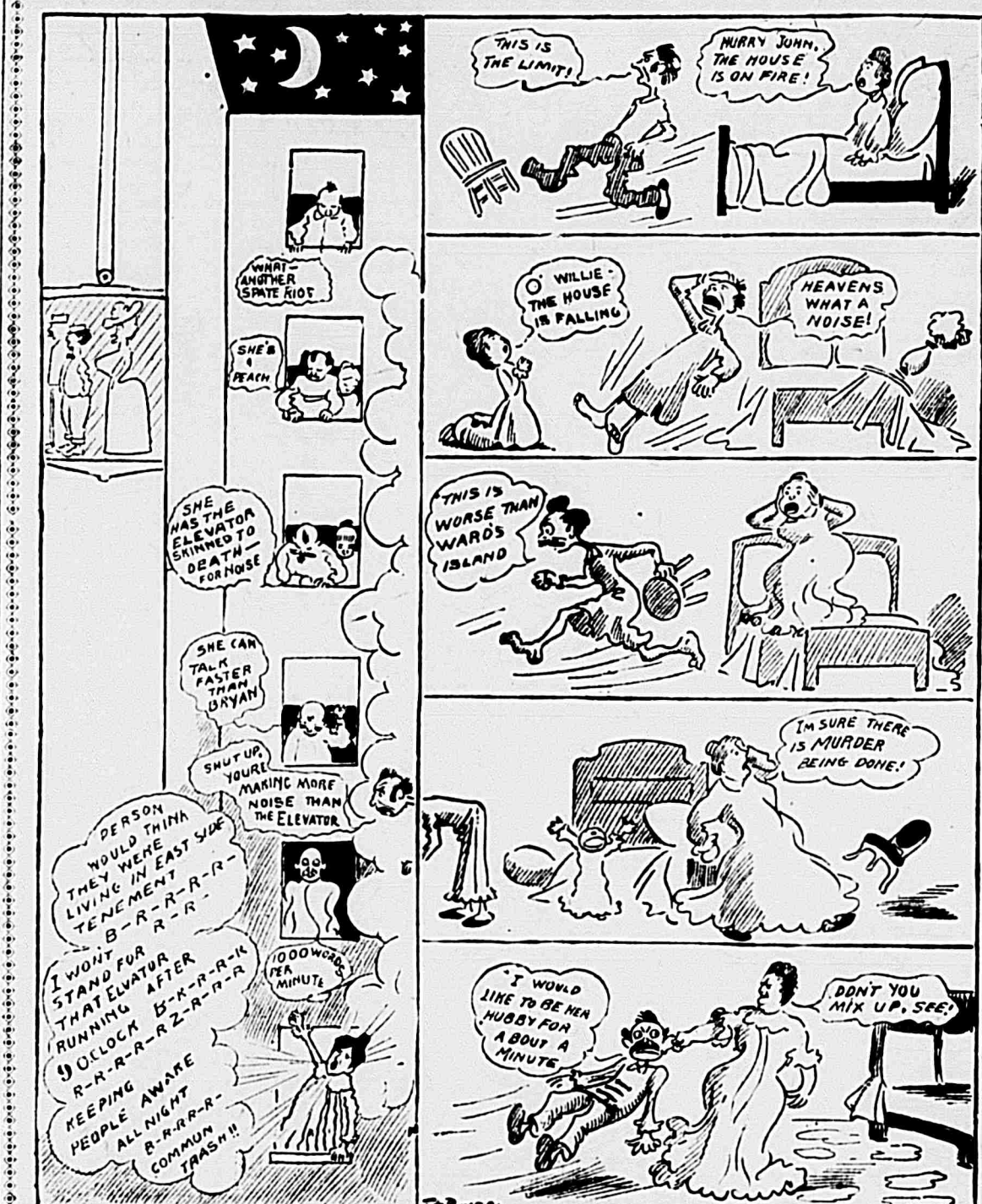
Surely Mr. Vanderbilt and Mr. Whitney do not approve the doings of their agents!

HORSE HAT TALK.
Nigh Horse—I'm going to leave.
Off Horse—What for?
Nigh Horse—See what guys we are—rigged out in our owner's last year's straw hats.—Chicago Record-Herald.

THE EQUINE STRAW HAT.
The ears of some men don't protrude through their straw hats, but in other respects they are inferior to the horse.—Washington Post.

THE ELEVATOR IN OUR FLAT.

By T. E. POWERS.



Our flat house boasts an elevator. It is a moderately quiet, gentle-voiced elevator. Not half as noisy as the man on the top floor who returns home at 3 A. M. and gives us all the impression that six men are carrying a piano upstairs. But the lady on the second floor objects to the elevator as noisy. She begins to object about 11 P. M., and keeps it up till the Board of Health interferes in the interests of our less strenuous tenants. As far as noise goes she wins. The elevator is only among the also rans.

THE EVENING WORLD'S BIG LETTER CLUB.

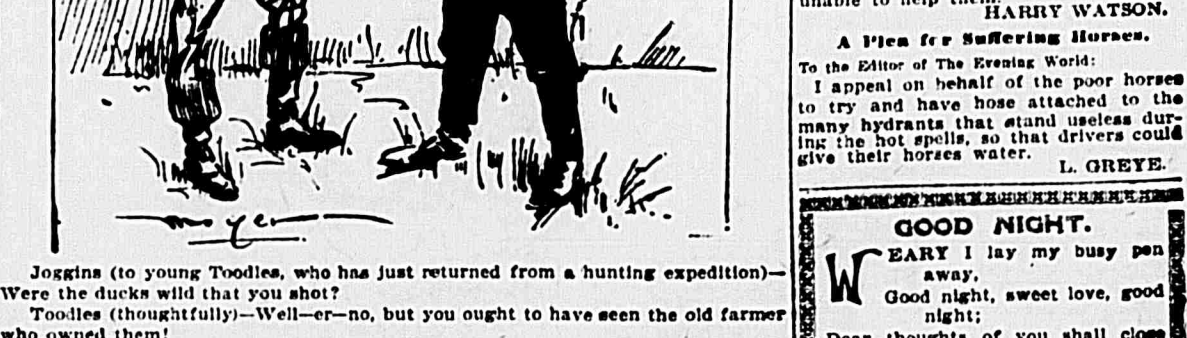
Hint to Telegraph Companies.
To the Editor of The Evening World:
Here is a humane suggestion to all telegraph companies who employ messenger boys service. I would merely ask that they allow the boys who ride wheels to dispense with their coats during this heated spell.
JOSEPH W. BROWN.

For More Drinking Fountains.
To the Editor of The Evening World:
Should not Riverside Park, frequented by thousands, be properly provided with sufficient drinking water? In this park there are situated, at a distance of about fifteen blocks apart, three places at which persons can alleviate their thirst. All that need be done in order that every person may partake of a refreshing draught is to increase greatly the flow of the existing fountains, which is so ridiculously small that seemingly it is no greater than that of a pip-stem. If Mr. Chauncey be not inclined to have these remedied, any person willing to sell water in the park at a cent a glass will be gladly welcomed. W. R. AS TO EPIDEMICS.

Who Owned This Carrier Pigeon?
To the Editor of The Evening World:
Will you please publish in your paper that a carrier dove was caught by my son? It had a ring on one foot marked "N. H. 670." On the other a brass band with "B" on it. The dove died last night. S. F. ALLIQUOD, Bath, N. G.

Park Fountains Fatal to Birds.
To the Editor of The Evening World:
We should secure some arrangement for the suffering birds in the park to enable them to drink and bathe in the fountains. I have seen in several parks birds that, trying to drink and bathe, fall into the water and are drowned. I was able to save a couple of these birds, fallen into the water, by fishing them out with my cane. But others could not be rescued because too far in. It is quite dangerous, as the rescuer might fall in himself. It is simply horrible to see those little creatures trying to save themselves and dying before the eyes of children and grown persons who are unable to help them.

A Plan for Suffering Horses.
To the Editor of The Evening World:
I appeal on behalf of the poor horses to try and have hose attached to the many hydrants that stand useless during the hot spells, so that drivers could give their horses water. L. GREY.



GOOD NIGHT.
WEARY I lay my busy pen away,
Good night, sweet love, good night;
Dear thoughts of you shall close my day,
Good night, sweet love, good night;
The pale moon through the window peeps,
The lake in dreamy beauty sleeps,
Thy love this closing moment keeps;
Good night, sweet love, good night.

The lamp doth low and lower burn;
Good night, sweet love, good night;
The moon's first thought to you will turn;
Good night, sweet love, good night;
The moon hath hid behind the tower,
The clock hath struck the midnight hour,
And stillness hangs o'er every bower,
Good night, sweet love, good night.
—William Edwin Williams.

THE PERPLEXITIES OF LOVERS SOLVED BY HARRIET HUBBARD AYER.

After Seventeen Months These Remarks.

Dear Mrs. Ayer: My mind is in a state of perplexity over a young lady to whom I have paid attention for seventeen months. I would like to marry her. In fact, it is mutually agreeable.

While pursuing a profession, I am necessarily in financial straits, and have not the means to support a wife. I am twenty-two years of age. I would rather give her up and enable her to receive again her large circle of admirers, as it will be too long before I could possibly think of marriage.

Will you kindly suggest how I can accomplish this? STELLAN.

YOU seem to have settled this matter for yourself. It does not appear to me that you are very desperately in love, and I cannot follow your argument that you are necessarily in financial straits while pursuing a profession. Ordinarily, a profession is pursued chiefly for the reason that it prevents or relieves financial distress. You should have thought of these things, it seems to me, before you paid attention to a girl for seventeen months; however, better late than never, and in this case far better for the young lady.

Write her, telling her the facts from your point of view. She will undoubtedly do the rest.

She Would and Then She Wouldn't. Dear Sir, Ayer.

I am a young man, twenty years of



HARRIET HUBBARD AYER.

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Write her, telling her the facts from your point of view. She will undoubtedly do the rest.

She Would and Then She Wouldn't. Dear Sir, Ayer.

I am a young man, twenty years of

age, and have been keeping company with a young lady of seventeen for three years. Last year we had a quarrel and parted. I was sorry afterward and asked her to make up again, but she would not and said that she would not go with me again. But last June I made up with her and we went out together for a while, until one night she told me her mother would not let her keep company with me again. I love her dearly and she loved me and I would like to gain her love again. Advise me. D. G.

I SHOULD think it is the mother's fault. The young lady's affections appear to have been restored to you.

You are very young, and the girl is not old enough to judge wisely. By all means, she should obey her mother, and if you are clever you will counsel her to do so.

You will thus gain the mother's respect and by a little tact you can make her your friend. Why is it you ardent young men, so precocious in many directions, are blind to the fact that a girl's mother is your strongest friend in the court of love?

Yours truly, H. H. AYER.

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FOR HOME DRESSMAKERS.

The Evening World's Daily Fashion Hint.

To cut this Princess chemise in medium size 3 yards of material 26 inches wide will be required, with 7 yards of insertion, 3-4 yards of heading, 3 yards



of wide edging and 11-2 yards of narrow edging, to trim as illustrated. The pattern (No. 2,590, sizes 32 to 40) will be sent for 10 cents. Send money to "Cassier, The World, 100 Broadway, New York City."

IN THE JUNGLE.



Parrot—I came to collect that small amount.
Monkey—I won't pay you. Your bill isn't straight.

ONE WAY TO WIN A WOMAN. By H. S. CANFIELD. DAILY LOVE STORY.

(Copyright, 1901, by Daily Story Pub. Co.)
HEN twenty-three years old Mary Ellery was sure that she would never marry.
Miss Ellery was handsome, healthy and well-to-do. No young woman had a better place in Stayborough society.
Richard Haven, better known as "Dick," knew this when he began his pursuit. He was a big, square-jawed lawyer, successful in most of his cases, and he made up his mind to win her if it were humanly—man—humanly—possible.
"Dick" Haven was striding up and down the rooms of his friend, Arthur Pym Jackson, a young minister of the Protestant Episcopal Church.
"I've got to have her, Pym," he cried; "I tell you I've just got to have her."

"Not at all; not at all," was the placid response. "You're the one who lacks gray matter. Listen!" He sat upright and suffered his cigar to lie idle in his fingers.
"You want to marry Miss Ellery; she doesn't want to marry you, or thinks she doesn't. Bear in mind that I know a good deal about her; more, certainly, than she knows about herself. She plays the organ at my church. 'Yes, her.'"
"You're a good fellow. You spar well; you are a crackjack with the creak; I don't know anybody whom I would rather run with, sail with or tramp across country with; but you've got one drawback as a companion and a minister; you ought to have some sense."

"Not at all; not at all," was the placid response. "You're the one who lacks gray matter. Listen!" He sat upright and suffered his cigar to lie idle in his fingers.
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and wants her badly enough to assert his rights. The musical woman needs the male to round out and perfect her understanding of music. Ask Miss Ellery to marry you and you will get a plain 'No' for an answer. Tell her that you are going to marry her and refuse to listen to a negative and she is yours. There never was a simpler thing—a thing more absurdly simple. I'm sorry that I told you of it, because you never would have seen it for yourself; you will be a married man in less than six months, and I would a good deal rather have you a bachelor."

Haven's square jaw was set when he left his friend's apartments.
"He told the truth," he muttered. "It is absurdly simple, and if it fails I shall be no worse off. She can only say 'No' after all, and the form in which she says

it matters little."
He found Miss Ellery at home that evening, and in his left-hand waistcoat pocket was a ring, set with a single diamond. He walked sturdily to her side as she rose to greet him, and took her left hand.
"You know that I love you," he said gently, "and as we are to be married, I have brought your engagement ring."
In another second the ring was on her finger. Then he took both of her hands. She looked at him, then at the ring, in a dazed fashion. He slipped an arm about her waist, drew her to him, and held her firmly. Laying his cheek against hers, he whispered:
"It is better so, is it not, sweetheart?"
Miss Ellery struggled faintly in silence. A hundred emotions went through her. They were so swift that she could

not classify them. Shame, anger, a temptation to laugh, half a desire to cry were among them.
She tried to hold her head erect, but some magnetism seemed to draw it downward toward the man's shoulder. Again she struggled, and the head sank lower. Perhaps her strongest sensation was astonishment at herself—her heart beat so, and overmastering lassitude was in every vein, and her head, despite her will, sank lower and lower. It rested finally. Then Haven took her chin in a broad palm, tilted it up, and kissed her full on the lips.
For verification of the account of the foregoing incidents the curious may inquire of any member of the Stayborough Pallas Club, the Stayborough Auto Club, the Stayborough Golf Club or of the Rev. Arthur Pym Jackson, D. D.